

17  
*In Imitation of* HUDIBRAS.

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THE  
Dissenting Hypocrite,  
OR  
*Occasional Conformist*;  
WITH  
REFLECTIONS

On Two of the

Ring-Leaders, &c.  
*VIZ.*

- I. Their *Works* and *Writings*.
- II. Their *Professions* and *Principles*.
- III. Their *Qualifications* and *Parts*.
- IV. Their *Persons* and *Practices*.

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—*Ne pars Syncera trahatur.*

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TO THE  
READER,

*Whose Heart is entirely English.*

**I**F Her Majesty had not been palpably struck at by some *Anti-Monarchical Club-Writers*, I should never have set Pen to Paper towards the awarding off the Blow. Both the Person and the Cause require an *Alarm*. 'Tis Time to Prepare when the Trumpet Sounds. *Rebellion* was always loud, and *Witchcraft* seldom suffer'd in a *Calm*. The Devil himself hardly ever appear'd without giving Notice, or making a Noise.

The Principles of the *Common-Wealth Party* are so *Uppish* of late; That it is as plain as the Sun, if they had Power

*To the Reader.*

to their *good Will* of putting them in *Practice*, they would quickly play their *Old Game of One and Forty* over again, even to the making of a *Royal Head* pay for't. Their Menaces against the *Queen* smell rank of *Rebellion*, or *Brow-beating Her Authority*; not to say *Worse*: And their keeping up an *Anniversary Calves-Head-Feast* still to this Day, in *Derision of One Decollation*, looks as if they had *strange Stomachs* for *Another*.

This is a *Great Charge*, but neither *False* nor *Uncharitable*; because it is *justified* as well by their *Actions* as their *Principles*. There is a *Way* yet to *disappoint* the *Designs* of both the *One* and the *Other*; and, *that is*, in my *Opinion*, with *Submission*, to be upon our *Guard*, either as to *Concession of Demands*, or *Protection and Advancement of Persons*: For set such *Proud Beggars on Horse-back*, and the *Proverb* is upon us to all *Intent*s and *Purposes*; they'll *Ride*——

*Occasional*

## To the Reader.

*Occasional Conformity* is but a *Trick*, both upon the *State*, and the *Church* as by *Law Establish'd*; a *Modern Policy* of *Republicans* and *Dissenters*, to strengthen their own *Factionous Interest* by weakening the *QUEEN's Party*, *Power*, and *Prerogative*; a meer *Sham* of *Religion*, and a *Shame* to *Government* as well as *Christianity*. But what need I say more? The *Growth* of *Hypocrisy* is so *Great*, and the *Danger* of *Occasional Conformity* so *apparent*, that the *Parliament* has already thought fit, *more than Once*, to consider how to *Prevent* it. Our *Wise Senators* are neither to be *Bubbled* nor *Bugbear'd*, by *two Fac'd Christians*, and such *Monsters* of *Occasional Communion*, who can *Dissemble* with *GOD* at the very *Altar*, for *Secular Preferments* and *Places of Trust*; who are of *One Religion* in the *Morning*, and of *Another* in the *Afternoon*: *Division* being as *Natural* to *them* as the *Day* is *divided*; but yet as inconsistent the

One

## To the Reader.

One with the Other, as Light and Dark-  
ness. *Neutrality in Religion is Nonsense.*  
Those that pretend to serve GOD one  
hour, and Bow to Baal the next Oppor-  
tunity, are never to be Truſted in this  
World. But there's little or nothing to  
be ſaid farther upon this Matter, after  
Sir H. Mackworth's Excellent *Peace at  
Home*; which would be the greateſt  
Happineſs and Bleſſing perhaps that  
could be, *Rightly Conſerr'd upon Eng-  
land.* I ſhall only add this, That thoſe  
*Differents* who are not Contented with the  
Extraordinary *Toleration* they enjoy, but  
grasp at greater Matters ſtill in the State,  
have other *Deſigns* in their Heads than  
*Peace and Quietneſs*, or good *Neighbour-  
hood*, either at *Home* or *Abroad*.

However, the *Hypocriſy* of ſuch Peo-  
ple put me upon writing this *Doggre  
Poem* againſt the *Occaſional Communicants*  
with particular *Reſlections* upon their  
*Ring-leaders, Tools, and Tanti-vy-Boys*  
wherein



## *To the Reader.*

wherein I have not strain'd the *Satyr* beyond the Rules of Faith and Good Manners: And for the *Authority* as well as *Credit* of what I have here Asserted, I refer my Reader to Two Pamphlets call'd *The New Association*, written by the most Loyal, Candid, Learned, and Ingenuous *Author*, that ever appear'd yet in Black and White upon this Subject. Besides that, in several Places, Honest *Heraclitus* will Vouch for me; and *Laugh* too, because he Wins.

Farewell.

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# T H E CONTENTS.

**T**HE Shortest Way is plainly level'd against  
the Government, both in Church and State.

**More Reformation** instead of mending the  
Matter, makes it worse; Abuses the Clergy, and Justi-  
fies Occasional Conformity.

**The Hymn to the Pillory** Condemns all Persons  
that are not of his Kidney, to stand there too; how  
innocent soever.

**The True-Born-Englishman** was the very Quin-  
essence of Roguery, for Abusing all Mankind that e-  
ver liv'd in this Country.

**The Occasional Communicants** are thought  
Saints in Comparison of True Churchmen.

**Few Clergy-Men** have yet oppos'd their practices,  
unless the Orthodox Author of the NEW ASSOCI-  
ATION.

**Some Unsincere persons** crept into the CHURCH.  
Their Zeal is to set the Nation all in a Flame.

**Their Hypocrisy and Destruction** still Masqu'd with  
Reformation.

# The Contents.

*Sedition is the Independents Business.*

*They Condemn other People's Faults, but hugg their own.*

*The Town is grown so very Whiggish, that no Papers almost but of that Quality will Take.*

*Watchiabil and Hobbs are the greatest politicians with those People.*

*Such Spiritual Merry-Andrews as B—ges, &c. Please even to Delusion.*

*They Cry-out persecution, before ever they are Hurt.*

*They only want our Church-Livings.*

*They call True Church-Men all High-flown Papists.*

*They Hector and Threaten the QUEEN.*

*They revive all the Notions of the Old Regicides.*

*All Dissenters are agreed to do the Establish'd Church what Mischief they can.*

*Their Contention with Us, is not so much for Religion as for Interest.*

*Dr. Sharp formerly Accepted the Bishoprick of St. Andrews, even upon a Remonstrance he brought to King Charles the Second against Episcopacy in Scotland.*

*They Revile the Church of England for a persecuting Church.*

*Occasional Conformity is a flat Contradiction to the Gospel.*

*The Whigs raise false Stories and Lyes to create Jealousies and Fears in the people.*

*They threaten what they'll do if they lose the Liberties already granted them.*

*Their*



# The Contents.

*Their preaching is full of Railing and Ribaldry against our Establish'd Powers.*

*The Case is alter'd since K. William died.*

*They strike at the Root and Branch of the Royal Family.*

*They hate Monarchy, and cry-up Commonwealth-Principles.*

*They write as if they were possess'd with Legion.*

*Some Commonwealths thrive and get by the war*

*Modern Republicks perhaps were not so righteously founded.*

*No Government destroys Patriarchal Right more than Democracy.*

*If Republicans would begin at Home in their own Families, they would soon discover their Errors.*

*Their Communicating with us is All Hypocrisy only for holding Great Places, and doing us a Mischief into the Bargain.*

*Samuel Johnson, commonly call'd Julian, and Stephens of Sutton, were great Enemies to the Establish'd Church.*

*The Church must needs be divided, that would destroy it self by Latitudes and Comprehensions.*

*They would change our Liturgy, and say it is Blasphemy to pray to be deliver'd from Sudden Death,*

*If we should Grant all their Requests, the Lord knows where their Ambition would stop.*

*The Fable of the Wood's granting a Handle to the Countryman's Hatchet, is an exact Emblem of their Designs.*

# The Contents.

*They wou'd do well to go and Assist the poor People of the **Sevennes**, and take the **Hugonots** along with them.*

*They never make a Conscience of Liberty of Conscience once granted.*

*They were always unthankful to their Benefactors, as if they were bewitched with Rebellion and Ingratitude.*

*When They were in power, they thought it a Sin to grant any Toleration to Church-Men.*

*And yet the Gracious **QUEEN** pursues no Law of Retaliation against them.*

*The Observator is a Commonwealth's-Man, the Dissenters Tool, and a Traytor to the Government.*

*He's **Cats**'s Creature, and has all along Caball'd with him.*

*He was Sentenc'd to be Whipt in the **West**, for Treasonable practices against King James the second; but upon his Petition to be Hang'd out-right, was by a wonderful Mercy Pardon'd.*

*He was always nibling at a Plot against the Lord Nottingham.*

*He turn'd Informer against the Commissioners of the Victualling-Office; but his Designs were fairly baffled, for a Knave as he was.*

*He's fitter for other Preferment than a Secretary of State, or a Commissioner in any of our Offices of Trust, Civil or Military.*

*He holds that barbarous Mock-Feast of Calves-Heads every 20th of January in Derision of King Charles's Martyrdom.*

*He*

# The Contents.

*He is that Ridiculous Poet, who writ those prophane  
cursed Anthems against the Sacred Memory of that  
just One.*

*Such Inhumane Practices are not the way to have that  
Monstrous Crime ever either forgiven or forgotten.*

*The Plague and the Fire of London look'd like God's  
Heavy Judgments upon it for that horrid Sin.*

*This Scribler is a perfect Incendiary.*

*He laugh'd heartily when White-Hall was last on Fire,  
and said it was a Just Judgment for what the STU-  
ARTS had done there : But the Banqueting-House was  
sav'd, as he Asserts, because King Charles was Execut-  
ed before it.*

*London was shrewdly suspected to be Burned by some  
People of his own Principles.*

*He's fitter to manage an Amour with a Miller's  
Wife, than to Reform the Government.*

*Old Poll call'd the Third of September his Lucky  
Day ; for his Diabolical Successes against his Lawful  
Sovereign.*

*Some Oliverian Officers or Soldiers Piloted the Dutch  
up the River to Chatham and burn'd our Ships there.*

*The Whigs in Scotland formerly tamper'd to bring  
in the French there.*

*The Whigs in England have endeavour'd more than  
once to expose us to the Dutch.*

*'Tis not Time out of Mind, since Oxford was threat-  
en'd by some of Them to be laid in Ashes.*

*Stephen Colledge's Tantivees and Raree-shows were  
Calculated for the Destruction of King Charles the  
Second.*

*The Independents cut off the King's Head, while the  
Presbyterians held up his Hair.*

## The Contents.

*The Observator's Business is only to advance Rebellious Notions, and revive the Anti-Monarchical Principles of Forty One.*

*He's very angry that Ballads should be made and Sung against his dearly Beloved Presbyterians.*

*He deters the Non-jurors from complying, with Bugbears of High-Treason ; if they had never so great a Mind to come-in.*

*He has an Old levelling Stroke at the Queen, and affirms that the People's Power is Co-ordinate with the Queen's.*

*In the next place, he asserts that She may, and ought to be call'd to an Account ; for granting a ~~Pass~~ to the Lady of Tyrconnel to come over hither from France, only to settle some Domestick Affairs.*

*The Whigs would have the Bishops excluded out of the House of Lords, and the Inferiour Clergy to be Deprived of their Votes in the Election of Members of Parliament.*

*The Convocation-quarrel gives Them an Advantage.*

*He would fain make People believe that our Constitution is not Safe, and that the Dissenters must be forc'd to send their Children into Foreign Countries for Education.*

*'Tis probable this Grand Whig does not think his Party included in the Text, for Submitting to the Higher Powers.*

*The Apostles, he says, knew nothing of our Constitution ; and so perhaps our Government is not to be directed by the Gospel.*

*How they have treated all our Crowned-Heads since the Reformation.*



# The Contents.

*The Dissenting Hypocrites and Occasional Conformists, are pursuing their Old Practices.*

*The Scots have begun to make New Solemn Leagues and Covenants.*

*Old Arts are carry'd on by Modern Policies against the Peace and Welfare of this Kingdom.*

*It may be hoped, that this Good Parliament will Consider whether the QUEEN and the Nation be Safe, without the Penal-Laws in Force.*

*The Whigs in Holland threaten to make an Idol of the Prince of Hannover, against the Church-Men and Tories of England.*

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THE

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## *ERRATA's.*

**P**Age 76. line 2. *read yet allow.* pag. 77. lin. 9.  
*read This Good and Loyal Parliament will sure:*

T H E  
**Dissenting Hypocrite ,**  
 O R ;  
*Occasional Conformist.*

**W**Hen Scribes to Reason said *good Night*,  
 And those that scarce could *Read* would  
 A Man with *Hebrew* Prophet's Name,     [*Write,*  
 Shut up his Shop in Search of Fame,  
 Who thought the *Shortest Way* to be  
*Promoted* to the *PILLORY*,  
 Was first to make a mere blind Widgeon  
 Of all *Established Religion* ;  
 And leave-off's Paltry *Stocking-Jobbing*,  
 To fall directly down a-Mobbing  
 And Rail at Ministers in Power,  
 Like Fox who said the Grapes were sour;

B

Only

Only because he could not get  
 To reach such a Delieious Whet.  
 Thus the *Dissenters* Fav'rite-Tool  
 To gratify, must play the *Fool*;  
 And, like a *Fly*, must blindly caper,  
 Till it is singed in the *Taper*.

But then he had a fresh *Occasion*  
 To put in Print *More* Reformation;  
 Where he, to shew his mighty Brains,  
 Sets forth less *Penitence* than *Pains*,  
 To write a *Book* for *Royal Pardon*;  
 Which he had Study'd very hard on,  
 To Scandalize the *Clergy's* Actions,  
 And breed more *Civil Whiggish Factions*;  
 In hopes Religious Rites to Murder,  
 And fling out Decency and Order,  
 As on the Surplice he cast Dirt,  
 And call'd it Antichrist's foul Shirt.

Now



Now was there ever such an *Otter*,  
 Thus to Revile both *Land* and *Water*?  
 Who lives by *All*, and cannot spare  
*Law*, nor *Divinity*, nor *Warr*;  
 And kills *Men* just like freshest *Samon*,  
 Whom he's a Mind to make a *Game* on.  
 Let this *Amphibious* Wretch go free,  
 When we regain our *Fishery*;  
 And the Dear *Dutch* give up their *Busses*,  
 To make Amends for all our *Losses*  
 In *Twelve-Years* unrewarded *Crosses*.

The *PILLORT* was but a *Hook*,  
 To make him write another *Book*:  
 His lofty *HTMN* to th' *Wooden-Ruff*,  
 Was to the *Law* a *Counter-Cuff*;  
 And truly, without *Whiggish* Flattery,  
 A plain *Affault* and downright *Battery*:  
 For he *Accuses* the *Recorder*  
 Of *Brutal* and *Fanatick Murder*;

Adjudges *Him* against the *Law*,  
To stand where he had made his *Show*.

But *All men* that will not *Dissent*,  
He puts in the same *Pred'cament* ;  
And in's Vagaries nobly stickles  
For th' Honour of their *Conventicles*.  
The *Church* be damn'd with his Reproaches,  
That on their *Liberties* encroaches:  
All Rogues but those wise godly *People*,  
At Enmity with *House* call'd *Steeple*.

Thus he leaves-off, as he began,  
T' abuse the *Truc-Born-English-Man*.  
Surely he *Factionous Pamphlets* writes  
For Humble *Pyes* or *Paper-Kites*;  
Or else *They* have their proper *Uses*,  
And fill the *Necessary Houses*.

## Conformist.

5

For *Tartareus* ne'er thus writ,  
Or his own Country so Besb——t,  
In point of Manners, and indecent Wit.

3

However yet, he'll boldly tell us,  
Peers of the *Realm* are but his *Fellows* ;  
Poor little *Pimps* and *Massanello's* :  
And without farther Ceremony,  
They're *Knaves* and *Cheats* that only Fan ye  
Out of the Peoples *Lives* and *Coin*,  
E'er since the *Battle* of the *Boyn*.  
But sure his Righteous *Quality*  
Ne'er sprang from Good *Morality*.  
For *Calumny*, *Reproach* and *Scandal*,  
The *De'il* himself may hold the *Candle*,  
To this malicious grand *Impostor*  
Against our Sacred *Pater Noster*,

3

Which

Which teaches *Christians* the *forgiving*  
*Their Trespases* to all Men living.

So much for his Notorious *Works*,  
 Fit for *Jews, Infidels, and Turks* ;  
 To sow *Divisjon* among *Christians*,  
 And make 'em think us all *Philistins* :  
 But not one *David* left t' engage  
 This Great *Goliath's* mighty Rage.  
 One would e'en think the *Sons of Jesse*,  
 For want of *Force*, were not in *Esse* ;  
 No *Vigour, Courage, or brave Action*  
 To Curb a *Monstrous* growing *Faction*.  
 Th' insated *Levites* have not thrown  
 At th' *Men of Gath* one Conqu'ring *Stone*.  
 It looks as if they were engaged  
 In *Solemn League* with the *Enraged*,

Sworn



Sworn Enemies of *Israel's Laws*,  
 T' advance the Old *Rebellious Cause*.  
 Ye know those bloody *Lyons by their Paws*.  
 But *One* irrefragable *Writer*,  
 To oppose *Dalilah* and fight her:  
 The *Rest* dishearten'd, or afraid  
 That *Sampson* should not be Betray'd.  
 Such insincere and treach'rous *Friends*,  
 Pursue their own sinister Ends;  
 And only want a fair *Occasion*,  
 To undeceive the bubbled *Nation*:  
 Else we'd soon see in th' *English Plain*,  
 The *Presbyterians* *Champion* slain.  
 Such Proud and *Anti Christian* Spirits,  
 If they're not punish'd for Demerits,  
 Will soon advance the *Alcoran* more  
 Than ever *Mahomet* did before;

And

And in a fatal wond'ring Trice,  
 Transport us all to *Paradise* :  
 Or else both *Mecca* and *Geneva* lyes.

His *Zeal*, like *Cannon-Balls*, is hurl'd,  
 T'embroil and not to mend the World.  
*Pride's* dangerous gross *Exhalations*  
 Turn into *Light'ning* and *Vexations*;  
 Should *this Land* take like any *Tinder*,  
 'Twould quickly burn it to a *Sinder*.  
 Such boist'rous *Bigots* never *Thunder*,  
 But 'tis for *Sacred* or *State-Plunder*.  
 For certainly he says his *Prayers*,  
 To set us all a-Fighting by the *Ears*,  
 And yet he writes devoutly *Civil*,  
 As any *Puritanick Devil* ;  
 Who still appears in *Rays of Light*,  
 To hide the grizly *Hypocrite* :

He knows with any other Dress on,  
 He'd ne'er delude nor take Possession.  
 Thus he Cajoles the Cred'lous Nation  
 In Canting Terms of Reformation;  
 And is not this of Sense an odd Piece,  
 To Slander Good King Harry's Cod-piece?  
 As if his *Tenents* were not Good  
 Because he was of *Royal Blood*;  
 And writ a Book against Old *Luther*  
 To blast *Fanatick* coming *Truth* here.

*Sedition* ne'er so Rampant grew,  
 To damn the *Old* and bring up *New*  
*Inventions*, to Purge, like strong Clysters,  
 Both Church and State of Good *Ministers*;  
 As if in his *Dissension's* Frolick,  
 They were all troubled with the Cholick.

This Schismatick false *Quack's* Endeavour,  
Is not the *Good* from *Bad* to sever ;  
But raise the *Humours* to a *Fever*.

For all their *Crimes*, and there's an End on't,  
Are *Great*, 'cause they're not *Independent*.

A *Tender Conscience* should be *tender*,  
Lest it offend against th' *Offender* ;  
Not others *Vices* so *Lampoon*,  
To credit and advance his *Own*  
*Uncharitable Censures* more ;  
As 'twere turn *Bawd* to damn the *Whore* :  
To beat *one's* Brains-out such a *Fact* is,  
To be reveng'd of *others* Practice.  
Of *Justice* this is one *Character*,  
A *Judge* should be no *Malefactor* ;

Nor



## Conformist.

Nor do an *Ill Thing* to Condemn,  
*Turn Brute to Worry other Men.*

Thus the *People's* Minds debauches;  
From *Meanest* sort to those keep *Coaches*;  
Corrupts the fond *Seditious Town*,  
A meer *Fanatick Adder* grown  
Against the *Churche's* peaceful *Charms* :  
*Deaf* t'all but *Whiggish* loud *Alarms*.  
No *Papers* FOR the *Church* will take ;  
But what's of the *Dissenters* Make,  
Goes down with luscious greedy *Swallow*,  
And *their* *Unhallow'd Works* All hallow.  
*Whoop!* All the *Clergy's* *Deer* are *Fallow* ;  
All *Rascal*, *Straying* and *Out-Lyers*,  
Old *Liberty* of *Conscience-Plyers* ;

Who'd rather run the Risque of *Jayls*,  
Than keep within the *Churche's Pales* :  
Too *narrow* for such noble Souls,  
Whose Boldness *Heav'n* and *Earth* controuls.  
N Their Notions *Diablistian*, *Hobbish*,  
Draw *Multitudes*, because they're *Mobbish* :  
Their Cunning Canting *Rebels* urges,  
And *Captivates* like merry *Burges*,  
The *Simple*, who admire the Pranks  
Of Spir'tual *Juglers*, *Mountebanks*,  
That tell 'em of *Soul-saving Physick*  
To Cure *Consumptions* or a *Ptytick*  
In *Body*, or in *Mind* and *Purse* ;  
Which makes the *Patients* ten times worse.  
For such Religious *Quacks* kill more  
Than *Ars'nick Wine*, or *Hellebore*

E'er cur'd of *Phrenzy* and *Distraktion*

Among the *Melancholy* Faction.

Thus with ill *Principles* they Poyson

All those they'd have to make a Noise on

The Dangers of a *Persecution*,

By the last fatal *Revolution*;

For fear of losing their blest Station,

The Benefits of *Toleration* :

*When there was never more Occasion.*

But yet their *Railing* breaks no Bones,

Like *Furioso* fighting Jones:

Tho' they ingross with their *Abuses*

Most *Printers*, *Hawkers*, *Coffee Houses*,

Who dare scarce deal with *Loyal Books*,

Against the *Whigs*, those Pow'rful Books;

That

That will have nothing now to do  
With *Jackdaws*, or the Chatt'ring *Jew*  
Who love *Old England*, not the *New*.

They would a *New Religion* make,  
And burn the *Old one* at a Stake.  
But still there's a *Dissenting Crew*  
Would fill the *Vacant Churches* too;  
Preachin our Pulpits with bold Faces,  
Supply their *Abdicated* Places,  
Could they our *Priests* turn out of Doors  
For Sons of *Babylonish Whores*.

Avaunt bold *Puritan Buffoon*,  
Far less a *Christian* than a *Clown*;  
Unmannerly and Scandalous,  
T' Abuse *QUEEN*, *Lords* and *Commons* thus;

To



To thy *Superiors* basely Rude;  
 To thy *Inferiours, Equals*, Proud;  
 To all Mankind a burning Shame,  
 An Infamy to common Fame:  
 Become a grand Imperious *Hector*,  
 For want of some kind *State-Protector*  
 Of thy own slovenly *Persuasion*,  
 Who can *Conform* upon *Occasion*,  
 Without *Diffimulation*, hearty  
 To serve a *Tarn* or please a *Party*;  
 And bravely worship GOD and *Mammon*,  
 The *Church of England* to enflame on;  
 Or clip her *Wings* and low'r her *Sails*,  
 Or to short *Stumps* pare her long *Nails*.

*Newgate* perhaps may thee Inspire  
With lewder Crimes and bolder Fire;  
For to predict from Human Reason,  
Thy next Offence will be *High Treason*:  
What signify thy *Peccadillo's*?  
Do something *Braver* than thy *Fellows*:  
Those *Kegicides* in Days of Yore,  
Could swill themselves with *Royal Gore*.  
*Hang't*, nothing your *Rebellion* hallows,  
Like Dying for it at the Gallows.  
The *Pillory* is but an Ass  
To the Grand *Traytor's* Looking-Glass;  
Where it appears a Glorious Thing  
To take an Everlasting Swing,  
Against a *wise, good, just and lawful King*.

Thou

Thou art but yet a *Pillry - Peeper* ;  
 A *Kennel - Raker*, *Chimney - Sweeper*,  
 A *Tinker*, in good Comparison  
 With *Bradshaw*, *Ireton*, and *Harrison*,  
 For *Blacker Crimes* and *Better Mettle* ;  
 To found a *Brass Poetick Kettle*,  
 Our *Monarchy* to mend and alter,  
 Without the *Wages* of a *Halter*.  
 Tho' thou mayst think a *King's Grand-Daughter*,  
 As fit for *Independent Slaughter*.

I'll give you now some *Honest Verse* on  
 His fam'd *Profession*, *Parts*, and *Person* ;  
 According to the good Old Story  
 Distinguishing a *Whig* from *Tory*.  
 One of whom is *Masculine*,  
 The t'other a *Canting Feminine*,

D

Will

Will Fetch and Carry any Matter  
 That may the *easy Church* bespatter ;  
 He'll duck, dive, fish in troubled Water,  
 Like any *Anabaptist-Prater* ,  
 Who in a Puddle sometimes Preaches  
*Regeneration* above Breeches.  
 Their Practices are much the same,  
 One dips, and t'other drowns the Game :  
 For equally their *Flock's* deceiving,  
 They damn Men either *Dead* or *Living*.  
 But in *Opinions* still they differ,  
 VWho should be Obstinately *Stiffer*,  
 Against good *Discipline* and *Union*,  
 To overthrow the *Church-Communion* :  
 And yet 'tis hard to say however,  
 VWhich is the Arranter *Deceiver*.

Rather



Rather than stop *Divison's* Gap,  
 Dantel would sure turn *Anabap* ;  
 Or th' *Anabap.* turn *Independent*,  
 To get o'er *England* the Ascendant.  
 So *Rogues* unite and *Rogues* agree  
 By *Diabolick* Mystery,  
 To set the *Honest Men* at War all,  
 That they may rob them in the Quarrel.

*Religion* never was the Squabble ;  
 For *Int'rest* made the *Whiggish* Rabble.  
 When e'er they rais'd the greatest Bluster ;  
 The *Church* revil'd, prophanely curst Her ;  
*Remonstrated* against her Truths ;  
*A Bishoprick* would stop their Mouths.  
 I need not mention some *Scotch Prelates*.  
 Let him renounce, that living *Well* hates.

Let *him* that came from *Covenanting*,  
Leave off his *Hypocritic Canting*;  
Retract his false *Unthankful Flouting*  
The *English Church* with *Persecuting*,  
E'er since the *Time* o'th' *Reformation*  
Down to his present *Lordly Station*.  
He that thinks so o'th' *Church*, 'tis fit,  
Should first in *Peace* relinquish it;  
Or else by his own *Argument*,  
He's but a *Persecuting Saint*,  
For All's pretended *Moderation*  
In loud *Harangue* and long *Oration*.  
He that is such a *Church's Pastor*  
In *Persecution* and *Disaster*,  
Must needs be stil'd a *Persecutor*,  
Till he *renounce* Her for the *Future*.

Were

Were e'er, God save our Gracious Queen,  
 Such Presbyterian Bi—ops seen?  
 Who can *Episcopacy* flatter,  
 And hold it betwixt *Wind* and *Water*,  
 In **This** profess it, at Command,  
 Abolish't in *Another Land*.  
 What must then be poor *England's* Woes  
 'Twixt *Bishops* Friends and *Bishops* Foes?

*Conform* and not *Conform's* a Fiction;  
 In *Practice*, a flat *Contradiction*,  
 T'our Saviour **CHRIST's** one true *Communion*:  
 And may chance spoil the *Scottish Union*.  
 Now he that *veers* and *shifts* his Sail,  
 Is of all sides and cannot fail;  
 But he that has *Religions* many,  
 Will ne'er a *Martyr* die for *Any*.

The Reason's plain and true, for why?

Such *Weather - Cock - Conformity*,

Argues their *Consciences* are swerving,

To the dear Int'rest of *Time - Serving*.

But if the *Scot* should catch a *Tartar*,

Perhaps he might die half a *Martyr*.

This *Snarling Curr* his *Teeth* reveals ;

He'll bite a *Church - Man* by the *Heels* ;

But on an honest *Whig* will whine,

Like any loving *Valentine* ;

Who doats upon his *Frantick Brother*

*Orsin* ; as *Mad* the *One* as t'other.

He'll fawn and wag his *Flatt'ring Tail*,

And serve his *Masters* to a *Jayl* :

(Th' *Elders* will fail *him*, if he th' *Elders* fail.)

And



And farther too upon *Occasion*;  
 Create a Popular Invasion,  
 By dismal *Apprehensions*, blacker  
 Than *Schoenberg's Irish false Massacre*,  
 Of *Popish Bugbears*, Cutting Throats;  
 When *Mercies* are our *Real Faults*.  
 Thus he'll, upon a fair Correction,  
 Revive th' old *Civil Insurrection*,  
 With lying *Clamours* and base *Stories*  
 Of rigid and pernicious *Corpes*;  
 Corrupt *High - Flyers*, *Evil - Doers*;  
 All favour'd by the *Higher - Powers*:  
 To cramp their *Liberties* with Frights;  
 To preach up *Popery* to rights;  
 To stop the Mouths of their dear *Mob*,  
 With Old Doctrines of *PASSIVE OB.*;  
 And from the *Houses*, some call *Steeple*,  
 And Decry their *Sov'reign Lord the People*.

But

But for all this, who dares be Bold  
 To touch their Righteous Copyhold?  
 For if they lose an Inch of Ground;  
 With *Royal Head* they'll ne'er compound,  
 Till it's *struck-off*, or else at least *Uncrown'd*.  
*Rebellion's* just and sanctify'd  
 In *Courts*, where *Tyrant Kings* are try'd.  
 This was their *Quondam* Canting Tone;  
 Nor *Populi* in *Forty One*:  
 And now again reviv'd Aloud,  
 Amongst the vast *Dissenting* Crowd,  
 With *Menaces* against *Queen ANN*;  
 If e'er *She* dare turn Cat in Pan.

Dan's Fustian Zeal and zealous Fustian  
 Glows with such rapid fierce *Combustion*;  
 Sure this false furious fiery *Prophet*  
 Came from the burning Valley *Tophet*;

Would

Would, as our *Israel's* damning Scoffer,  
 Her *Truest Sons* to *Bolech* offer;  
 And at the Famous *Hall* call'd *Salter*,  
 Erect the *Devil's* Murd'ring Altar;  
 Or raise a Scaffold up at *Pinner's*,  
 To cut-off *Anti-Whiggish Sinners*.

They rail at random, at all Ventures;  
 Make all Men *Devils* but *Dissenters*:

Or else they're *Popishly*-affected,  
 And don't deserve to be *Protected*,

By *Sec'lar Laws* or *Ecclesiastick*,  
 According to the Learned *Bastwick*.

But see how Civil Fashions vary  
 Since Good King *William* and Queen *Mary*.  
 When Kings of *Modern Contract* reign,  
 All's right in the *Fanatick* Vein.

At an *Hereditary Queen*  
 The *Whigs* do raise their poy's'nous Spleen.

Is there a *Stuart* yet *Alive*,  
That will not let *Dissenters* thrive?  
What! Is there a *Successive Sovereign*  
Hinders *Republicans* to govern?  
*Confusion* always was their *Pray'r*,  
Against the Kingdom's *Lawful Heir*:  
Their *Principles* are to destroy All,  
Both Root and Branch of *Issue Royal*;  
Or teach 'em th' old *Politick Dance*,  
And send 'em All away to *France*.

Their Spirit ever was *Antartick*  
To *Government*, that's true *Monarchick*.  
What! Shall they wear a righteous *Whiniard*,  
And let th' *Wildboar* destroy the *Vineyard*?  
Yes, Better far, and more *Divine*,  
Than a whole *Herd* of *Ravenous Swine*.

• While



While they our *Monarchy* decry,  
And lewdly bawl Things run *too high*;  
They would *Bare-fac'd*, and not by *Stealth*,  
Fain introduce a *Commonwealth*;  
A Form of *Government* that's fitter  
For *Legion's* Friends and *Lambert's* Litter,  
Who, like *those Hogs* of old possessed  
In happy *Lands* and *Times* most blessed,  
Ran fiercely on to their Undoing;  
But *These* are Worse to court their Ruine;  
By false *Republick's* fatal Pranks,  
And *Treason's* Practices, not *Thanks*;  
*Subversion* study'd, not *Subjection*,  
For their mild merciful *Protection*:  
Else they must own to All the Nation,  
That by *Infernal* Instigation,

They act on *Precipices*, *Dangers*,  
*Ruines*, to which they are no Strangers.  
*Needs must*, they say, *when Devils drive*,  
 Or else the *Swine* had scap'd *Alive*.

What ! though in *Holland* or at *Venice*,  
 A *Commonwealth* now so Serene is ;  
 Possessing either Peace or Plenty,  
 Vast Traffick, and each precious Dainty :  
*Their Neighbours have not one in Twenty*.  
 In rich *Aristo. Democracy*,  
 They thrive but by their *Hypocrisy* ;  
 The *Int'rest* of their *Money* payd,  
 They only make *This War* a *Trade* ;  
 Howe'er a *Commonwealth's* a *Weed*,  
 Of such a barb'rous barren *Seed*,  
 Lab'ring *Republicans* may sow,  
 In *England* it will never grow.

This Matter has been fairly try'd,  
Or *Oliver* is sore *Bely'd*.

What Great Republicks were of *Old*,  
In *History* is fully told ;  
But for our *Modern States* and *Mighty*,  
They're not so very Good or *Righte-*  
*ous*, as some Zealous *Bigots* think :  
For *Truth*, All told, would make 'em stink.  
They owe their *Rise*, their *Growth*, and *Order*  
To *Robbery*, *Rebellion*, *Murder*.  
*Banditties*, *Pirates* of the Ocean,  
Of *old*, confirm my *present Notion*.  
Some *others* did of Life bereave  
The *Prince* and *Bishop* of *Geneve*.  
That *Antient Sore* would need some *Salving*,  
But *then* the *Cow* was just a-*Calving*.

*Others*

*Others* again, like fickle *Frogs*,  
Were weary of their *Kingly Logs*;  
And without more ado Assaulted  
Their *Lawful Monarch*, and *Revolted*:  
But if the Cruel *Stork* should come,  
He'd Tyrannize and Cop up *some*;  
Or thro' all *Frogland* cause a *Croaking*  
Against the *Doom* of *their* Provoking.

Who likes a *Democratick* Form  
After that blust'ring bloody *Storm*,  
Which this whole Kingdom then confounded  
'Twixt *Cavalier* and *Cruel Round-Head*;  
Let *Him*, I say, begin at Home;  
And as *He* is the *Major Dome*,  
Not keep his *Family* i'th' *Dark*,  
And play the rigid *Patriarch*;

But



But give his *Children, Servants, Right*  
Equal to his own Pow'r and Might.

When *They* begin to cut his Throat,  
And leave him not a *Scottish Groat*;  
If *He* with *Reason* then can bear it,  
*He* is in *Earnest*, I will swear it:  
And *otherwise*, it is a Jest

To put gull'd *People* to the Test  
Of their enveigling damn'd Delusion,  
To breed the *Government's* Confusion.

A *Commonwealth*, to speak more nice,  
Is but a *Scab* with many *Lice*,  
Which would on *England* soon determine  
The *Plague of Egypt* with those *Vermine*.

When *Whigs Hypocrisy* find rampant,  
They plausibly *Religion* stamp on't:

So false *Republicans* are pure,  
As *Whores* at *Christ'nings* look Demure;

Formal

But

Formal appear, and sober godly,  
Yet still most singularly Odly ;  
*They* can their *Countenance* behave,  
As *Senators*, austere and grave :  
But, *Janus-like*, they have *Two Faces*  
To reconcile *Two diff'rent Cases*,  
And hold *Communion* for *Great Places* :  
As if *Religion* were but *Local*,  
And *State-Preferment* Sins did *Cloak All*.  
Thus are, from *Scripture Union* freed,  
The *Devil* and the *Saint* agreed.

Now these Occasional *Non-Cons*,  
Encourag'd by the *City-Dons*  
And some late treach'rous *Whiggish Parsons*,  
Church-Bastards, disobedient, rare Sons ;  
Divide th' *Establisht Church's Law*,  
That we can't know a *Friend* from *Foe* :

As Johnson, Stephens, and some other  
 That would destroy their *Lawful Mother*;  
 For if *Church-Papists* we allow,  
 There are *Church-Presbyterians* too;  
 Who'll on *Occasion* change the *Church*,  
 Turn *Whigs*, and leave *her* in the lurch.  
 Thus may the injur'd *Church* complain,  
 At Heart, of an *Intestine Pain*;  
 Her Sacred *Bowels* torn to pieces  
 By Rav'nous *Wolves* in good *Sheeps Fleeces*;  
 As *Tree* in *Fable*, that alledges,  
 She's split in *Two* by her own *Weages*;  
 For all close *Schismaticks* agree  
 To cut it down, and cleave the *Trees*

That Church is Moderate and Easy  
 T' excess, which would be *Felo de se*,  
 By Latitude and Comprehensions,  
 That make such wild and vast Extensions;  
 Throw down the Church's just Enclosures,  
 To let in Coblers, Tinkers, Hofiers,  
 Who Pray *Extempore* and Preach  
 That GOD may never heal the Breach.  
 This Truth can be deny'd by no Man,  
 If once the State the Church lays Common,  
 It must inevitably Dine  
 Oth' Fat all Pharaoh's Leanner Kine.

If fam'd *Hugh Peters, Baxter, Bunyan*  
 Are proper Standards for an Union;



If *Sh—re*, or *F—*, or *H—m*, or *Taylor*,  
 Or Brethren of the Quaking *Naylor*,  
 Have writ such strong convincing Reasons  
 For to Reform our Church's *Seasons*;  
 To change our *Feasts*, or *Fasts*, or *Fairs*:  
 Then *England* is at its last *Pray'rs*.  
 I'll warrant they would finely Purge ye,  
 Your base Established *Liturgy*;  
 Make your Offensive *Litany*  
 To smoke like any *Betony*;  
 Burn it as *Funk*, or keep 't as *Fodder*,  
 For their *Back-sides*, the *Jakes* foreboder.  
 If *they* had *their* devouter Sway,  
 You never should in Publick pray  
 From sudden Death to be kept free,  
 Which *they* call horrid *Blasphemy*.

But I say, From such wretched Errors  
 Against the *King of sudden Terrors*,  
 In Peace, *Good Lord*, deliver Us;  
 Leave not *True Church-Men* dying thus.

If we should grant their vast *Petitions*,  
 Not all the *Spanish Inquisitions*  
 Have *Christians, Jews* tormented more  
 Than they'd afflict us with their *Pow'r*;  
*Full Pow'r* obtain'd made *Judas*  
 So Rude, so Rampant as he was,  
 To Ride his *Royal Sob'reign* like an *Ass*.  
 A *King* may give, and give and grant,  
 Till He *Himself* an *Alms* may want;  
 May want a *Lodging*, to his Sorrow,  
 When *Whigs* his *Throne, Crown, Sceptre* borrow

By

By Force of *Arms* and Curs'd *Rebellion*;

Whose *Word* no Prince again can rely on.

What made the Scots Just *Charles* sell?

He gave an *Inch*, They took an *El*.

'Tis true they Sold him in their way,

But *English Whigs* did for him Pay;

The Bargain struck, an *Union* wrought,

One Sold him, and the Other Bought:

Had Scots e'er such a *Market* seen,

If *English Chapmen* had not been?

Such fatal *Condescensions* make

*Crowns* totter, and Great *Kingdoms* quake,

Or put their *Councils* in Confusion,

For the next sudden *Revolution*.

There

There goes a *Melancholy Story*  
Of a kind *Wood*, good-natur'd, sorry  
E'er to deny a fair Request  
To craving *Man*, or hungry *Beast*.  
One day a civil *Country-Fellow*,  
As Modest, Mealy-mouth'd and Mellow,  
As soothing *Whig* in sober Mood;  
Desires a *Handle* of the *Wood*,  
To that great *Hatchet* in his Hand.  
The *Wood* forthwith grants his Demand.  
As soon as *Royal Oak* did store him,  
Tho' to *Fidelity* it swore him,  
*He Cut down all the Trees before him*.  
The very Hedges were afraid  
To feel th' *ungrateful Murd'ring Blade*.



This would have vex'd a Heart of *Oak*,  
And even made a *Stone* t'have spoke.  
When *Whiggs* in former Days *Things* tore all,  
They to this *Fable* made the *Moral*.

These *Persons* sure the more they have,  
The more, like *Leeches*, still they crave;  
Ne'er satisfy'd, nor Full, nor Fasting,  
But the *forbidden Fruit* still *tasting*;  
Till glutt'd with *Inhumane Food*,  
At last they burst in Stink and Blood.  
Their Natural and Boundless Temper  
Is calculated fit for *Empire*;  
The *Difference* of *their* Opinion  
From *ours*, is want of *Sole Dominion*;

Not

Not founded half so much in *Grace*,  
As *Offices* of *Trust* and *Place*.

Sure these *Couragious* threat'ning *Boys*  
Dare go t' assist the *Severnois*;  
Their *Cause* is just, so near a-Kin  
To what *they* never thought a Sin,  
*Rebellion for Religion-sake*.

*The Devil may the Hindmost take.*

The lazy *Hugonots* will join

So Great and Noble a *Design*,

Their lawful *Rights* for to Regain,

And Conquer cruel *France* and *Spain*;

*I hope not bring the Example back again.*

The Charitable Kind *Old Peer*

Will certainly go *Voluntier*,

Upon

Upon so glorious an Adventure  
 Of piercing France through to the Centre;  
 To reinstate poor Refugees,  
 Upon a *True* and *Lasting Peace*.  
 No Changling Duke will then refuse,  
 But soon the strongest Party chuse;  
 And his *own Children* disinherit,  
 Rather than not their *Friendship* merit.  
 There never was a *Project* braver!  
 May Wind, and Tide, and Time all favour  
 Our Whigs Confed'rate, gone *Abroad*  
 To squeeze the Head of Gallick Toad,  
 According to *Old Nostredamus*;  
 Those Wights may say, and who can blame us?

May't have Success o'er France and Rome  
To the last *Day of Foreign Doom*;  
So it prevent a *Civil War* at Home.

In *Liberty of Conscience* granted,  
They fairly have what they so wanted;  
But then they ought the *farther* be,  
Make *Conscience of that Liberty* :  
Not use it as a *Stalking Horse*  
To treat their *Benefactors* worse;  
Not exceed sily their own Bounds,  
And trespass upon other's Grounds.  
Thus *Partridges* in Fields are driven,  
By *License* to a *Sportsman* given,



Into a laid entangling *Snare*,  
Before *Poor Creatures* are aware:  
So by Experience we are taught,  
That easy *Princes* may be caught.  
If they've *false Calls* and *baser Tricks*,  
And play the *Devil* on two *Sticks*;  
Or, *Potchers-like*, destroy the *Game*  
Thro' *Liberty* to do the same:  
If things are so indeed; in my Sense,  
They never should have any *License*  
For Hunting, Hawking, Fishing, Fowling;  
But be condemn'd to Night's *Scriech-Owling*,  
And not confront the brightest Day  
Of *ANN's* Illustrious dazzling Sway,  
With their *blind Flights* and their *licentious Prey*:

But now their *Darling* they enjoy,  
Not to *Defend*, but to *Annoy*  
Th' *Authority* that gives them Peace,  
Great Power and Religious Ease ;  
They wound the *Giver*, as they please,  
*Like the kind Hand that's stung with thankless Bees.*  
Of *Old*, when *they* were Uppermost  
In *Government*, and rul'd the Roast,  
Then *Liberty* of purest Conscience  
To *Royalists* was arrant Non Sense ;  
They might not *Preach*, nor *Pray*, nor *Teach*,  
And hardly had the Leave of *Speech*  
In *Publick*, or in *private Schools* :  
No, *they* were no such *Gen'rous Fools*.

But

But since the *Tables* are now turned,  
 And those rejoyce that have once Mourned ;  
 Why, in the Name of solid Reason,  
 Should not the *Whigs* be out of Season ?  
 For, to an Impartial *By Stander*,  
*What's Sauce for Goose is Sauce for Gander.*  
 And this not half so hard a *Bone* is,  
 For so severe a *Lex Talionis*,  
 As their *Barbarities* have been  
 From martyr'd *Laud's* Time to the *QUEEN* ;  
 Who gently reigns upon a changed Scene :  
 Who hath deny'd them nothing yet  
 Of *Liberty* for *Safety* fit ;  
 At what some *Liberty* do call,  
 That's *Rope* enough to hang 'em All.

And

And yet *She* is as much Malign'd  
As any **QUEEN** that ever Reigned,  
With their vile *Threats* and desp'rate *Libels*  
Sufficient to confound our *Bibles* ;  
Which tell 'em of their common Failing,  
*To bring no Accusation railing.*

But I'd almost forgot their *fervent*,  
Most *Zealous, Faithful, Humble Servant* ;  
The Commonwealth-Men's *Observer* ;  
That Up-start and Audacious *Traytor* ;  
The Manager of all their *Notions*  
Prescrib'd in bitter deadly *Potions*,  
T' infatuate the *State* made drunk,  
And make the poyson'd *Church* turn Punk.



For Sense and Reason, there's not much in

Bold Latitudinarian Cutchin.

Lyes, Lewdness, and Libertinism

Can ne'er authenticate his Schism:

But with Big Words and Noise he'd fright us,

Not undeceiv'd by HERACLITUS

That He's the Creature of Old Times.

For He the Tenth Part not the *Wit* is

Of Honest Loyal Mr. PITT'S;

There's no Comparison for *Pants*;

For Learning, or Ingenious Arts.

'Tis Odious to compare his Notes

With *Ought* but *Fuller* or *Falle Dats*

For *Evidence*, and Hardy-Back

In Impudence's Common Track

Of

Of finding **Plots** of *their* Creating;  
*Traducing Illegitimating,*  
To Death their *Lawful Princes* hating:  
Only *He* dreads a deserv'd *Whipping*;  
Loves no Old Sores of *Jack's* up-ripping  
*Once ev'ry Year* through *Market-Towns,*  
To be a *Jest* to *Country - Clowns*  
In *Dorsetshire*, by cutting *Capers*  
*For Writing Treasonous damn'd Papers.*  
He *then* *Petition'd* against *Life,*  
And *Labbing* with eternal *Strife*;  
For, to be hang'd *He* rather wanted:  
*And more the Pity 'twas not granted,*

This Monstrous, Swarthy, Huge Gog-Magog  
 May call contending *DAVID* a Dog ;  
 But *Truth* and *Justice* reigning so,  
 They'll soon fetch down th' insulting *Foe*;  
 In the *last Reign* he might look Big,  
 A Topping and Imperious *Whig*;  
 But *Now* he must pull in his Horns ;  
 Humbly *Submit* to what he Scorns ;  
 Leave-off *Informing* and his *Plotting*  
 Against the Noble Lord of *Notting-*  
*Ham*, and those other Just *Commissioners*;  
 Whose *Lives* and *Places* this *Petitioner's*  
 Design was to have Overthrown ;  
 T' advance *Himself*, or raise his own  
 Beloved *Party* to the yielding *CROWN* ;

Or to Great Office and Estate,

Upon the Ruines of *their* Fate.

This Greasy Fellow lov'd good Vittles,

And caus'd the Butchers whet their Whittles,

Intended by this Bloody Rake

To kill the Sacrifice he'd make:

While They were knocking down their Beeves,

He call'd the Officers grand Thieves;

And wish'd, instead of Hogs or Goats,

To fall a-cutting all their Throats.

Howe'er this Blockhead was not Wise

Enough to Win th' appointed Prize.

His giddy Brains too did miscarry

Of being England's Secretary:

And



And yet *He* should *Preferment* have ;

There's some *Reward* sure for the Brave.

Yes sure, *He* does deserve his Part,

*From an entirely English Heart,*

To be promoted to a *Whip ping-Cart* :

Or since *He* understands the Trade,

Like any *Butcher* of the Blade

That e'er the *Garden* yet frequented,

For *Manners* ill, foul *Language* vented,

As Mutton rotten, or Beef tainted ;

We might a Proper *Office* spare,

*Make him Guts* carry to the Bear.

Of His base *Practices* beware ye,  
*The Thirtieth Day of January* ;  
For *then* his mighty Stomach wambles  
So much unto the *Butchers* Shambles,  
He would some CAVALIER devour,  
Like any *Tiger*, in his Pow'r ;  
If *Markets* did not *then* afford  
Store of *Calves-Heads* to please the Lord  
*And Master* of that *Docking - Feast*,  
To gratify the Hungry Beast ;  
And satisfy his empty Skull ,  
Who from a *Calf* now's grown a Bull ;  
This is such *Language* as *He* writes,  
*And Carrion's fit enough for Kites.*

Thus

Thus *He* applauds a Barb'rous Deed  
 As ever was by Rogues decreed ;  
 The Cutting-off that Good King's Head,  
 From whence so many Monsters bred  
 That still deride and mock the Just,  
 And persecute him in the Dust.  
 In *this* their Malice does appear,  
 They do behead him ev'ry year ;  
 As far as Spight and Power reaches,  
 Or Ridicule their Revenge teaches,  
 In Calves-head-Dock'ry to behead  
 The sacred Ghost, and happy Dead.

This

This **Cutchin** is the *Calves-Head Poet*,  
 Th' inspiring *Devil* needs must know it ;  
 Who at that *Feast*, for lofty strains,  
*Rebellious Poetry*, and Pains,  
*Deserves the Honour of the Brains.*  
 But all his study'd jingling Whims,  
 Curs'd *Anthems*, and unhallow'd *Hymns*,  
 Will never make the *Crime* forgotten  
 Till such as *he* are Dead and Rotten ;  
 Nor *can* that *Sin* e'er be forgiven,  
 Till their Repenting's Seal'd in Heaven :  
 Unless *they* wrest the Angry Rod  
 From th' Hand of an *Almighty* GOD ;  
 And would Usurp upon their *Maker*,  
 Like *Lucifer*, their Undertaker ;



Or else, for fear of Plotting *Papists*,

attempt to make all Men turn *Atheists*.

Great *JOVE* of old *such Giants* hurl'd

Down to convince th' Aspiring World.

In spite of *Plague* and *Fire* fullfilling

*GOD's* Vengeances against *King-Killing*,

th' obdurate *Whigs* persist in Temper,

are obstinately *iidem Semper* ;

" oppose Her who is Still the same

of Her *Grand-Father's* Faith and Name :

Her *MOTTO's* to preserve the *Crown*,

but theirs is meant to pull it down.

When *WHITEHALL* last was all in *Flames*,

Near to the helpless gliding *Thames*,

This

This glad Incendiary was pleased  
To vent his Gall, and have it eased  
Of his inhumane dogged Malice  
Against the *STUART's* harmless *Palace* ;  
Which never did *him* any wrong  
To make him write its *Fun'ral Song* :  
For *little Curs* don't bite a *Stone*,  
Till it is fiercely at 'em thrown ;  
Or hits, or bruises them, or breaks some Bone.  
But for detested things committed  
By *STUARTS* there, he thought them fitted  
And it a *Judgment* was but just,  
To see it burnt down to the Dust :  
As if kind Heaven punish'd *Houses*  
For *Persons* Crimes, whom he abuses.

How

How came *Fire* then not to destroy All,  
As well the *now call'd Chappel Royal*?

Why, *He* does give us this bold Reason:

Because *King Charles*, for *High Treason*,

Was Executed just before it

(For which *he* must for e'er adore it)

By *Publick Justice of the Land*;

That *Stately Pile* does therefore stand.

e. Thus *he*, with heinous Joy transported,

Condemns the *Place* which he once courted.

ted Sure Cruel *Mero* did but grin,

Compar'd with *Tutchin's* merry Pin,

At his own burning *Shame* and flaming *Sin*;

As merry *then* unto the Life,

As when he kilt the *Miller's Wife*;

How

I

Who

Who kindled with a new Desire,  
Extinguish'd soon his ruder *Fire* :  
*He's* better far at those Intrigues  
Among the purest Female *Whigs*,  
And understands the *Petticoat*  
More than the *Politicks* he wrote,  
E'er since *He* was a *Whiggish* Tool,  
And did commence an *April - Fool*.  
Let *Him* enjoy his lewd Amours,  
And not disturb the Higher Pow'rs  
With Notions as *corrupt* as his own *Whores*.

Howe'er, perhaps this Upstart *Rumper*,  
A *Commonwealth's* New-Model'd Trumper,



A Broker Trooper, or Soliciter

For Rebels All, to speak Simplificiter ;

Who does delight so much in Burning,

And his own Country overturning :

Can yet some Tidings or Tale tell us

Of those Mischievous wicked Fellows,

By whose Conspiracy poor London

With fatal Fire was wholly undone ;

His Antient Friends and old Acquaintance :

Presbytery and Independence

Set People still at Work on thinking,

The Good Old Cause was almost sinking ;

For discontent with th' King's Returning,

They were resolv'd to fall a-burning,

And lay Glad London all in Mourning.

We may with Reason now remember,

A It was the Third of Black September ;

Which *Old Noll* call'd his *Lucky Day*  
Thro' all his vast *Usurping Sway* :  
Till, on *This Day*, he fairly paid  
The damned *Contract* he had made.  
If *Others* so observ'd the *Day*,  
*Perhaps they may as dearly pay.*

*Dissenters* thus were still a-*Plotting*,  
And *Loyal Men* with *Lyes* besotting ;  
That *hidden Fires* they should not *quench*,  
Till *Scotland* had call'd-in the *FRENCH* ;  
Or *English Whigs* had done as much,  
Betray'd our *Country* to the *Dutch* ;  
For *Oliverian Rebels* taught 'em  
To Burn our safest *Ships* at *Chatham* :

So that a *Royalist* still dreads;  
 To be reveng'd of *Crowned Heads*,  
 They'd Sacrifice this *Happy Isle*,  
 And make it but One *Fun'ral Pile*.

How Jolly *Tutchin's* Heart would flutter  
 To see the govern'd Nation's utter  
 Destruction, and the *STUARTS* Names  
 Extinct, and *Commonwealth-Men's* Frames  
 Rise, *Phænix* like, out of their dying *Flames!*  
 How he'd Rejoyc'd in witty *Flashes*,  
 If *OXFORD* had been laid in *Ashes*,  
 Not to be quench'd with humane *Gore*;  
 As it was threaten'd heretofore  
 By a *Great Son* of a deluded *Whore!*

He

He might *Cantabrigia* then have Sounded,  
Like any prosperous Old Round-head,  
And made the *Royalists* acknowledge,  
The Martyrdom of Murd'ring Colledge ;  
Whose deep-projected *Raree-Show*  
Was to have struck *Another* Blow,  
As *Fatal* as the *Former* Stroke ;  
Which greater *Wrath* does still Invoke :  
But *Rowland*, *Oliver* soon Sounded,  
And so their *Plots* were All confounded.  
Perhaps *He'll* say I am mistaken,  
To save his *Own* and his *Friend's* Bacon ;  
They have *Another* Game to play ,  
And can *distinguish* their Old Way :  
The *Presbyterians* did not do it,  
And th' *Independents* must allow it.

But



But when that *Royal Blood* was spilt,  
 Their Hands were Both imbrew'd in Guilt ;  
 And *Equally* concern'd *they* were ;  
 Each had his Wish, each had his Pray'r,  
 These cut his *Head off*, Those held-up his *Hair*.

But after All this mighty Bustle,  
 Enough to vex the Ghost of ~~A~~—sel ;  
 Great Sh—bury's sure Rest Disquiet,  
 And make *Dissenter's* all run Riot ;  
 Or raise the *Danes* of the Dead,  
 Who *Cerberus* in Triumph lead,  
 To justify their *Faction's* spreading,  
 And, *Hydra-like*, our *Kings* Beheading :  
 His viler *Principles* must come next,  
 To keep the Closer to his *Text*

Of preaching up *Rebellious* Notions;  
 Binding as *Witches* seal'd Devotions;  
 Who having *Sign'd* the Black Decree  
 Must ne'er look back to *MONARCHY*:  
*But act on still, altho' they damned be,*  
 Unless they could by Craft *Hell* level,  
 And so *Usurp* upon the *Devil*.

His *First Advance* runs very High,  
 Demands to know the Reason, why  
*Ballads* are sung of *Oliverians*,  
 Reflecting on the *Presbyterians*;  
 Boldly prescribes unto the Nation,  
 To damn such Things by *Proclamation*:

Angry

Angry to find *himself* among  
 The Old Phanatick Rebel - Throng,  
 The *Basest Subject* of that *Loyal Song*.  
 Thus touch him in an *Antient Sore*,  
 A gall'd Horse Winces still the more.

}

He raises next his Soaring Flights  
 Against the dang'rous JACOBITES;  
 For 'tis *High-Treason*, of his making,  
 To say NON-JURORS are for taking  
 The Oaths, or that *they* love QUEEN ANN,  
 Shew what *Respect* so e'er they can:  
 So he deters Them from *Complying*  
 By his Notorious way of Lying;  
 For if t' affirm *They love Her*, be  
 A *Capital* gross Injury,

K

Then

Then, in the Name of *Newgate*, why  
Less Sin t' assert *They* will comply?  
For fear, according to his Reason,  
Of being Guilty of *High Treason*.

In Monstrous and *Uncrowning* Strokes,  
To please *Republican* - Good - Fo'kes ;  
He oft attacks the *QUEEN* with Spight,  
And grants the *People* equal Right ;  
He questions *Her PREROGATIVE*  
Extended farther than *they* give :  
And if *She* ever *Higher* mount,  
They'll call Her to Severe Account.  
As, *he* does heartily declare,  
He wishes that *She* falsely were  
For a most Innocent and just Affair ;



Leave for a Person's coming over  
From *France* to *Rocheſter* or *Dover*,  
To ſettle ſome Domeſtick Matters  
*Here*, or beyond the *Iriſh Waters*.

What ails this mighty furious Man?

*She* with her brought no *Warming-Pan*.

*Ay*; but *She* might have here detected

What *he* had long ago Projected:

As if the *Lady of Tyrconnel*

Might have their *Practices* undone All;

Their *Secret Hiſtoryes* Betray,

Confound th' *Intrigues* of *Mary Gray*.

But now *he* may be out of Pain,

For *She's* long ſince return'd again;

Without

Without *Impester* or a *Bastard*  
 Fobbed upon this jealous *Dastard* ;  
 Altho' th' *Imaginary Whore*  
 Had justly laid it at *his Door* ;  
*Chimera* - *Brat* of *his* own *Getting*  
 For want of *Royal Parents* fitting ;  
 When *he* threw-up his *Nose* in *Air*,  
 And, *Stallion* - *like*, could *Smell* a *Mare*,  
 Had not at all conceiv'd a *Son* and *Heir*.

At this rate, on a slight *Occasion*,  
 The *QUEEN* must buckle to the *Nation* ;  
 The *People's Pow'r's Co-ordinate*  
 With *Royal Might*, in a *Free-State* ;  
*Which has been more than one good Prince's Fate.*  
 Thus *he* revives what was invented  
 To make our *KINGS* be *Parliamented* ;

*Accountable*

Accountable for ev'ry Action,  
To please a Domineering Faction;  
And make the *Contradiction* good,  
A *QUEEN*, and *NO QUEEN* understood.

He damns the *Bishop's* Pow'r and *Clergy's*,  
For High-Flown *Sons* of *Boanerges*.  
Such Superstitious False Black Coats  
In *Parliaments* should have no *Votes*;  
Nor for the *Members* in *Election*,  
To make Secure their own Protection.  
*Bishops* with Insolence *he* treats,  
And says *they* ought to have no *Seats*  
In the most *Noble House* of *Lords*,  
By Testimony *he* affords  
From none but *Cromwell's Cancelled Records*.  
He'd not allow a *Convocation*  
Of *Clergy-Men* t' assist the Nation,  
Unless

Unless *they* Quarrell'd about Right  
 Of *Sitting* and *Adjourning* might :  
 So when *Two Dogs* oft fight alone,  
 The *Third Dog* carry's off the *Bone*.

From hence *he* does *Prognosticate*  
 By *Partizidge's* Foreboding Fate,  
 Or *his* own duller Hatching Brains,  
 There will be *Arbitrary Reigns* ;  
 And so *they* fill the *Nation's* Ears  
 With spreading Jealousies and Fears :  
 For what says *Oliverian Rāpho* ?  
 Our *Constitution* is not *Safe*, ho !  
 The *People* are made Silly Fools,  
 Not *Right* in *Church*, nor *State*, nor *Schools* ;  
 But must the *Youth* of their *Perswasion*  
 Put out to *Foreign Education* :  
 He means, to Prompt the next *Invasion*.



Thus this *Rebellion-Observator*,  
 The very Kingdom's *Nutmeg-Grater* ;  
 Would *Monarchy*, with Sweet Surmises,  
 E'en crumble into *Whiggish Spices*,  
 That should, in Frolick, Season High  
 The next ensuing *Calves-Head-Pye* ;  
 To which he would with bolder Face  
 Than *Cromwell's Chaplain* e'er, say *Grace*.  
 What signify our Cramping *Laws*  
 Which *Gospel-Liberty* o'eraws ?  
 For tho' it teach profound *Submission*  
 To *Pow'rs* of Lawful Acquisition ;  
 We've had Good *Kings* and *Princes* many,  
 But *Whiggs* were never *True* to any :  
 That *Scripture* is Obscure, Perplext ;  
 They're not included in the *Text*.

This

This Argument they had from *T—land*,  
 Who lately ran away to *Holland*,  
 With his own *Scripture - Canon* blest ;  
 For fear, *It* our *Divines* should wrest,  
 Because he durst not stand a Learned Test.

*Pryn*, *Burton*, and their *Writers All*,  
 Were Wiser far than Great *St. Paul*.

Th' *Apostles* did not understand

*The Constitution of this Land*;

Or else, *he* thinks, *they* had not Paid  
*Obedience Passive to Crown'd Head* ;

But made *Rebellion* a Successful Trade :

*Their* Corn by *his* own Bushel measures  
 Against our Royal injur'd *Cesars* ;

Who are Renown'd to *Turks* and *Tartars*,  
 For dying their vile Subjects *Martyrs*.

In Passion now and Truth begins  
The Catalogue of *their* Black Stings.

*Who* Tamper'd first with Good *Queen Betty*?

But *She* soon silenc'd their Impetu'

Ous Clamours; took the wisest Course,

And put the Strictest Laws in Force.

*Who* yet did gain a Point in Game,

Trepann'd a *Queen* of Royal Fame?

For *they* by never-ceasing *Plots*

Brought to the Block the *Queen* of Scots.

*Who* then Imprison'd *James* the *First*

And for his Blood did greatly Thirst?

*Dowry's* Conspiracy will speak

Their Base *Assassinating* Freak.

*Who* did his *Pious Son* Behead?

But All his *Murderers* are Dead:

And *English Whigs* are yet no better Bred.

*Who* after that, went on and reckon'd

Themselves *Cock Sure* of *Charles the Second*?

But disappointed of their Hope,

They did *Repent* in Loyal *Rope*.

The *Gang* *Complotted* more than once,

Would fain have made *Dice* of his *Bones*.

*Who* Clubb'd at last, Caball'd, and Crowded

To get the *DUKE* of *YORK* Excluded

From our *Succession* so Renowned;

But baffl'd in their end, *Him* Crowned

With *Flatteries* and false *Addresses*,

And *Hypocritical Carresses*.

But



But now *He's* fairly *Dead and gone,*  
 And has forgiven ev'ry one.  
 If *He* had at *their Mercys* lay,  
 He'd pass'd to Heav'n *Another Way.*

*Amasement* stops my silent Mouth,  
 To tell each *Circumstance* of Truth.  
 The *Persons* I have spar'd to name,  
 For Mr. *F——guson's* own Fame;  
 Who, it is hoped, is not *now* the *same.*

Those were *Dissenters* horrid *Crimes*  
 In Older Reigns and Former Times;  
 And if *those Notions* now revive,  
 How should this *Kingdom* ever Thrive?  
 Th' *Occasional Communicants*  
 May run their *tolerated Rants:*

But why such *Liberties* pursue?  
What *Scotland* will not allow,  
Why should *they* claim as their just Due,  
A *Toleration* here, and not *there* too?  
The *Scots* are playing fine Vagaries,  
As *They* were Govern'd by the *Fairies*;  
They've made their *New Associations*,  
Against true *English* Innovations,  
And all *Episcopal* Invasions.  
They *strongest Covenants* now have made  
To follow their *old Solemn Trade*  
Of *Basket-making*, and *Rebelling*,  
Rather than Change their *settled Dwelling*.  
But if no *Law* these *Whigs* controuls,  
Implacable and restless Souls;  
The fatal *Wound* again will *Fester*;  
Our honest *Lands* all they'll *Sequester*;


And

And to support their growing Babel,  
They'll turn St. *PAUL's* into a *Stable*;  
Or bring about, as *Drunken Sin* does,  
*A Reformation of Glass Windows.*

Now if this *Chronical Disease*  
From *Government* receives no ease,  
I cannot here prescribe a *Cure*  
For such a *Frantick Calenture.*

*The next good Loyal Parliament* will sure :  
Consider of such *Ways and Means*  
As may best now preserve the *QUEEN's*  
Authority from *Whiggish Pow'rs*;  
Which would fain turn *Her* out of *Doors* :  
As *Her FOREFATHERS* honour'd were  
To graze, and breath a *Foreign Air.*  
*The Parliament* can soon find out

A Matter of so much *Dispute*;  
Whether the Nation is *secure*,  
Without the PENAL LAWS in Ure?  
For whatsoever *they* did *then*,  
Like *Tragedies* they'd act again;  
'Cause they're the same *Obdurate Wretches*,  
And hate the QUEEN should wear the Breeches:  
*That is*, should *Govern*; Be Commanding  
Men, of a shrewder Understanding.  
*As if Great Hannover were Landing.*



---

F I N I S.